WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 29, 1914.

IN SEARCH OF THE ORIGIN OF APRIL FOOLS' DAY, THE OBSERVER LEARNS MANY

FROWNING

OMINOUSLY

UPON THE

UNIVERSE

MUCH HAIR

MUCH

much question about the man who invented April Fools' day. He was the cousin of the man-who-rocksthe-boat, and the half brother of the in dividual who didn't-know-it-wasloaded. He broke loose during the middle ages, one happy afternoon, and clad in his buskins and bearing a mace he went forth to have his way with the Goddess Joility.

He had a merry time. He walloped several innocent bystanders over the head with the mace (which weighed twelve pounds), and succeeded in putting the fear of friends for whom he had been laying quite a while. And when he had bumped the bumpkins and smashed the standards of polite living he retired home and went to bed.

Came then a number of young men.

He knew that if he wint his ordinary way he didn't have enough talent or ability to accomplish a thing.

"So he said to himself, sez he, 'Oi'll add a touch of life to this here dump.

Oi'll make 'em remember me if they don't do nawthine else.

"That, son, he did. He proceeded to feed green peppers to childer, and give the blank paper love letters to famous wimmen. In a little while they was talkin' about him as they had never talked before about anybody. And he was the leadin fad of the day. He was a great hit. Oh, yis:

"Phwat good did to o'' says you.

"A great deal of good,' says I.

"How so?" says you.

"By givin' the people something to think about, says I. And I am right about it, as you will agree if you are willing to think over the matter.

"And phawt's more, thim kind of people are still alive today and they are make before. They are the kind of people who can't do things themselves. They are the hopeless stakes in the wharf of the warrid's creation, and they are tryin' always to justify themselves by criticish things that they don't know a thins about."

"But '' protested the Observer." They

Came then a number of young men "But." protested the Observer, "that with bladders and confetti. They had their sway and disappeared into the his-man that I am trying to analyze." torical mists without leaving much trace

one who devised all of the modern little "tricks" by which the youth of our country entertain themselves when the glorious assault with intent to kill, or any other rimes without fear of the police.

Why did this mythical individual inaugurate such a custom? Why did this unnamable bogic attempt such heathenish practices? That is what the Observer set forth to ascertain.

Young men might think that trailing this bogic to his primal haunts is a simple thing. The learning of his reasons also

thing. The learning of his reasons, almost anybody will tell you, is one of the easiest feats in the world. But let us see, let us see. Time alone will bring forth the facts. And we must have time.

Observer went into the office of a broker. He is the fattest, most comfortable looking broker in Washington. Looking at him, after you have bought stock on a ten-point margin, you are convinced that you cannot lose. You say to your self that this man is one of the few stable citizens of the country. Stable? Why a whole flock of stables only begins to indicate his solidity. He measures sixty-eight inches around the waist, and possesses four separate and distinct chins. When the Observer came into the broker's office the broker rose. The Observer was pleased. It is not often that men bound out of their chairs to meet him.

"I," said the broker, hoarsely, "am go-

ing to fire that boy." "What boy?" asked the Observer.
"That cussed, whiffletreed, office boy of dine," responded the broker with emo-

eral southeasterly direction and tugging "What seems to be the trouble?" in-quired the Observer.

I am no stickler. I know that boys will be boys. But no flapdoodled buckwheated, gallyranged, imitation of a demented gorilla is going to stick pins into me three times in succession without my saying something about it."

He glowered in a grim, triumphant sort "I will fire him." said the broker with

relish, "as soon as he gets back. Fur-thermore, I think I will kick him out of the office. It will help my feelings This was clearly an unpropitious time to come in for an April fool discussion. But the Observer, knowing that worse things might befall him, plunged in.
"Why." said he, "do you think anybody invented April Fools" day?"
The broker smiled sardonically.
"You haven't got the fool hunch that April Ecols" day only occurs on the 1st.

April Pools' day only occurs on the 1st of April, have you?" he asked.
"That was my impression," replied the Observer modestly.
"Well," said the broker, "you are

Observer modestly.

"Well." said the broker, "you are wrong, dead wrong.

"I don't get that."

"Then," said the broker, "I will have to speak brutally. April Fools' day occurs wherever you happen to have an office boy around. It isn't a custom. It is a barbaric youthful habit. And if you'll walt until that boy of mine comes in I'll show you how to cure it." you'll wait until that so, in I'll show you how to cure it.

There was a quiet spell while the broker rubbed the place where the pin had been. That broker was evidently all cut up.
"Yes," he resumed, after he had patted

"Yes." he resumed, after he had patted himself, "this idea of April Fools' day is merely an excuse for three hundred and sixty-five days of foolishness. I suppose except for the skirts, fashion seems to sixty-five days of foolishness. I suppose that boy of mine thought he was smart.

But this sounded too ominous. It was like the happy thoughts which Bluebeard might have had on preparing to behead the lady of his choice. In short, it was

the lady of his choice. In short, it was rough stuff.

Not wishing to witness the murder of the office boy the Observer stole away. But as he went out of the door he could still hear the broker:

"Just wait until that boy of mine comes back. I am going to flay him alive!"

As an antidote for the broker-and there is no better antidote than the one which was chosen—the Observer went to a corner policeman. The policeman, who is as Celtic as County Cork, was waving a huge club and frowning ominously upon the universe.

"In order to dance well and enjoy it, one must have perfect control of all the muscles, and to have this control utmost freedom is essential. Now the dresss of this winter, even slashed as many of them have done, have not been satisfactory. They were bound to catch somewhere, if not at the ankles, then at the knees, and the results have been distressing. It is ex-

the universe.
"I want to ask you a question?" said sults have been distressing. It is expensive to be compelled to wear a dife Observer.

Thawt," demanded the policeman, "has perned to you?"

pensive to be compelled to wear a different dress every night, and so many, by the policeman, when the policeman is not be compelled to wear a different dress every night, and so many.

happened to you?"
"Nothing," replied the Observer. "I am merely trying to learn some facts which I believe will be of general interest. I want to get your theory of the reason why the original April Fools' day bogie framed up such a series of outrageous tricks upon his fellow citizens."

Hov yez been drinking?" asked the

"How yez been drinking?" asked the policeman.
"I how not," replied the Observer, droping into the vernacular.
"Thin," said the policeman, "Oi will explain to yez."

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"Twas a man who had the fear of himself in his heart who brought about the April Fools' day. Ye do not understand? "Tis natural ye should not. Oi will explain.
"This man came to the land of England with a fear, aye a knowledge, that he could do nothing by ordinary methods."
"How yez been drinking?" asked the Rees.
"What a pity these are not the days of the moyen age." was suggested.
"What a pity these are not the days of the moyen age." was suggested.
"Precisely," echoed Mrs. Herz quickly. That's the idea. I have evolved one now on those lines. In fact, the one I have on pretty nearly fills requirements. Do you like it?"

It was indeed charming, and when Mrs. Herz analyzed it, really it did seem to leave nothing to be desired. A black chiffon cloth, gathered even by all around the top, was finished from a line two inches above the knees with black satin, and then the fullness drawn into a box plait in front without spoiling the line. This plait was caught loosely from the under side an inch or two below its starting point, ity of their materials."

F course there isn't He knew that he had to sthart something much question He knew that if he wint his ordinary about the man way he didn't have enough talent or

man that I am trying to analyze

"Cruelty," said the Irish policeman, there is a fine warrd fer yez-don't know no more about it than we do.

Most of us, though, are devoted to the externals.

"And yurre April fools' man is simply a type of what we face. He is one of thim. Doubtless he hated people because he didn't understand them."

There came a beautiful pause. It was broken.

"Ye drunken bum, move on or I'll arresht yez," said the policeman. He had fixed a basilisk glare upon an elderly party who was weaving around without getting anywhere. The elderly party evidently had it figured out that he was to trace the lines in a Chinese puzzle.

"Move on," cried the policeman again, ominously.

"The trouble," said the broker, with that direct simplicity which comes with great sorrow, "Is that the office boy put a pin in my chair."

"What?"

"The first time," continued the broker, "I thought it was a coincidence. I said nothing. Then I sat on it again. And I will swear it was the same identical pin.

"The trouble," said the broker, with direct simplicity which comes with that direct simplicity which comes with the same identical pin.

"All Fools day," said he, "was essentially a French custom. It is collateral with the mardi gras of the south and with a number of other feast days which.

"All Fools day," said he, "was essentially a French custom. It is collateral with the mardi gras of the south and with the world like one of those little Presses short and she chivals presses short and she chivale presses short and she chivals presses short and she chivals pre

ening his hair.
"Will you tell me," he asked, "what your theory is of the man who invented April Fools' day?"
The lovely vision tossed her head.

ence is supreme. If any further proof

movement, and certain teachers, be- all.

desperately trying to solve the mighty

problem of suitable dress for the dance.

the moving spirit of the popular Herz

dances, "suitable dress means dress

that conforms to the dictates of fash-

ion's latest whims and at the same

have played right into the dancers' hands. Bodices, you know, couldn't have been more practical for the purpose, roomy and sleeveless, or else large of sleeve, waists likewise large and hips unconfined.

"Suitable," said Mrs. Herz, who is

INFLUENCE OF TANGO

And finally there came the real April gently, "is only a term. None of us fool bogie. He was a man who was one-third Spanish inquisitor, one-third devil and one-third dyspeptic. And he was the one who devised all of the man who was the

"Ignorance, I'd say, is the trouble at the beginning. Whin we don't understand the theory of another man we want at once to take him to pieces. A few of us see through the shams of life and into the true meaning of things. Most of us, though, are devoted to the externals.
"And yurre April fools' man is simply."

"Huh?" she replied.
"I seek to learn what the reason for

BROKER

PRODUCING SEVERAL

VOLUMES OF LITERATURE THE OBSERVER FLED

have been held in different parts of the country. It is very old."
"But." protested the Observer, "how "Is he a nice man?" inquired the Observer.

FOR GUILTY GRINNING

THERE IS NO PERSON ON

EARTH WHO CAN EXCEED

AMILKMAN

can you call it a feast day when it is server.

"No," she replied, sternly, "he ith not "Why do you say that?"
-"Why? she repeated, indignantly. "Becauth he gave the cook thome pepper in her meat that she didn't want."

HER HAIR

DLONG AND

the Observer. "'Tain't, neither," replied the young lady of four, " Tis like thith. The cool had a pieth of meat cut for herthelf. Theme mean bogie man he went out and he put a lot of red pepper on it and the cook didn't know it till she had started to

eat the meat. Then she cried."

"I suspect." said the Observer, in a low. hoarse voice, "that I could tell who put that red pepper on the cook's dinner."

"Thmarty," retorted the wonderful cause he believed in the theory, but to finite.

young lady. But it is an accredited fact keep the dyspeptic person from heav-

what was the bogle man's grouch?
What was his reason for treating the nation—the world, for that matter—to the April fool's joke? Let us go on seeking the answer. We have not found it yet.

There was a milkman.

"Well, then," said the dyspeptic, triumplantly, "if I can reacue your egotism by making you eat red pepper isn't it as good as if I did it with the aid of moral suasion or any other method which I might contrive?"

"But." protested the Observer, "you said the April fool bogie didn't have a grouch."

There was a milkman.

Now, for pure, unadulterated cussedness there is no person on earth who outranks a milkman. He is the ne plus ultra of demonish ferocity. He is the man who picks up three bottles which you considerately left for him and drops two of them before he reaches the wagon.

"Here," thought the Observer, "is one of the April fool's gentlemen who will be able to deliver the goods."

So he tackled a milkman. One of those who have an afternoon run.

"What," said the Observer, "is your theory of the grouch which the original April fools' man had on the people of this more or less harassed earth when he wished the joke idea on them?"

So DIES

Said the April fool bogie didn't have a grouch.

"He didn't, "roared the dyspeptic, as he kept a tight hold on his vest. He wasn't any grouch. He was the original common sense as to fall for the tricks that a sensible child would smile at."

And that shows you what a diversity of views one can obtain on a perfectly simple question.

BOBBIE HILL.

BOBBIE HILL.

"Search me." said the milkman. people up," accused the Observer. guilty grinning there is no person on

earth who can exceed a milkman. "'Ro' said he 'I reckon you got me there. I am the original April fools' kid. We wake 'em up in the morning and when they write a complaint into the office we explain that they put their and the universe. milk bottles so they couldn't help but

"I ain't hard hearted at that. I am planets and trees. We become brothers willing to accept things as they come along. But it does get my goat to see all of these four-flushing people lationship with stones, mountains and trying to travel along when I knows seas. that they owes their milk bills and when they tries to snub me. Do you think I'm right in trying to get square? You bet you do!' "I didn't say it," protested the Ob-

"You don't have to say it," replied

"You don't have to say it," replied the milkman. "I know."
So they let it drop—in a sense. But the Observer continued his wild wanderings. He went to a man who above all others should be able to discuss the origin of April fool's day. This man is a dyspeptic. Every time he eats a meal he has to drink some hot water. And his complexion reminds you mostly of the Mississippi at flood tide. He hasn't much hair and he hasn't much patience. But he has, as you will see, a hasn't much half and he hash't patience. But he has, as you will see, a marvelous fund of theory.

"What do you think was the original grouch which led to the establishment of April fool's day?" asked the Observer.

it," replied the dyspeptic person. "No grouch?"

snorted the dyspeptic person. "The man who invented April fools' day was the one wise man of the

warned the Observer. The dyspeptic one grasped himself by the midriff and heaved a colossal sigh.

"Well, then," said the dyspeptic, tri-

BODIES.

BY DR. FRANK CRANB. (Copyright, 1914, by Frank Crane.)

Why do we have bodies? Why are we not unsubstantial spirits?

We are clothed in bodies in order that we come into harmony with nature. Our bodies are the link between us Through them we are brought into

to the laws that govern to the animals, cousins to the flowers. We are bound in the same bundle of re

us. The wind that raises the waves and uproots the oak smites us. The sun that undoes the morning glory opens also our petals of cheer. If we are but spirits we should wander

as waifs in a world we could never realize. We should have no kinship of suffering and of beauty with our fellow creatures. communion. When we cat and drink to-

gether that is the holy sacrament of unity. When we kiss, the soul awakens. We say that we see, hear, smell, taste and touch. It is our bodies that perform these functions. We cannot know, nor even imagine, how a naked soul could perform them. A soul without a body would be isolated.

would be isolated.

What the spirits of men do elsewhere we can only surmise, but let us be thankful that upon this sphere they inhabit living organisms; for thus is revealed to them the overpowering glory of light, the majesty of the stars, the appeal of green the propage of calling brids and of all else herbage, of calling birds and of all else

herbage, of calling birds and of all else in this goodly frame of things.

Spirit may possibly speak to spirit without using material media, but it is at our present state of knowledge hardly to be understood. What we do know is that my soul can reach yours through your eye by my frown, nod or laughter; through your ear by the sound of my lins.

"Even a person of your limited intelligence must admit that if something is done to reduce the egotism of the world a kindly act has been committed."

"Government of the one a part of the oneness of things, may find its place in the all, may learn form and order, may grow into consciousness of itself, of other souls and of nature.

it is too late to get it out of his mouth. He has to spit, and spit, and spit. "You don't happen to be related to Lucretia Borgia, do you?" gasped the Observer. The young lady pouted. "If you are going to try and be mean," ON THE MODERN STYLES HOWEVER unsettled may be the then allowed to swing free, so that the question of Parisian versus at utmost freedom of movement was assured the ways. American leadership in fashions, one thing is certain, the tango's influence that of an extremely narrow and binding skiri. It really was a clever idea These photographs of some of the new Low Shoes stampedand a tunic that sloped up toward the "VENUS" front, just following the line of the satin band on the skirt. A smashing girdle of rose-hued satin completed the pretty costume. But that was not \$3.50 and \$4.00 dance. She had unfastened one book slipped off the tunic, and presto' there sipped off the tunic, and presto' there was a kimono blouse of black chiffon continuing the chiffon of the skirt and the costume had become a fetching afternoon dress. It was then explained that Mrs. Herz often remains at the studio from the the-dansant right through the evening dancing, and this combination costume enabled her to make the quick change of toilet she often found necessary. Show how successfully we've interpreted Fashion's latest demands for quick change of toilet she often found necessary. Most of Miss Joan Sawyer's dansant frocks are of thin, crepey silks rather than chiffon, the silks that cling and swirl about her as she bends and sways and glides through the intricacies of her dances. This both for afterhoon and evening, although some of her gowns are of Persian stuffs in compliment to her Persian Garden. Women's Easter Footwear. WM. HAHN & CO.'S Cor. 7th and K Sts. N. W. Reliable Shoe 1914-16 Pa. Ave. N. W. One of the evening gowns, an in 233 Pa. Ave. S. E. Houses describable pattern of many soft colorings, is made with three flounces each hung so that it forms a pronounced jabot effect in front, obviously for the purpose of giving ample width. The lower one is mounted some ter inches above the knees, so that there is freedom at the knees, and the other so very many, women dance somewhere every night. "I have designed literally hundreds of dansant frocks in my mind, but the most of them are slight improvements ols' upon what has already been passed upon. What is really needed is a skirt pouched or in some other way expanded at the knees." "What a pity these are not the days of the moyen age," was suggested. "Precisely," school Mrs. I two take their cue from this. Then

